

Help a Brother Out

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Help a Brother Out

by [janewithwhy](#)

Summary

She's just gonna have to ride this one out.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

“I have, like, a dirty confession.”

“Oh no.”

With a groan loud enough to be heard over the bad music playing in the current bar, Ryuko swivels on her stool to face Uzu. She thinks he has a more stupid looking grin plastered on his face than usual, but it could be the four beers and four shots of whiskey they both took (damn those happy hour specials!). Swaying just a little bit as she focuses on him, she tells herself to remember to probably stop challenging him to drinking contests when she's more sober.

“Oh no,” she groans again, rolling her eyes. “God, do I really want to hear what your dirty, nasty confession is going to be?”

“Well, yea,” Uzu grins, waggling his eyebrows. “I think you're gonna be heavily invested in this one, Matoi.”

She takes a sip of her trashy, canned, light beer and braces herself. Everything Uzu says is either ridiculous on another level, or a challenge. Sometimes they're ridiculous challenges. She wonders which one this is going to turn out to be.

“Okay, but before I tell you, I gotta know, how are you and your girl?”

She chokes on her beer, and slams the can down onto the bar top. She coughs and pounds her chest.

“She's not my girl!” she growls at him. “At least right now.”

“Always trouble in paradise with you two. What's her name again?” he asks, smirking as he places his head in his hand and leaning against the counter. She hates it when he does this.

“There is no paradise and her name is Satsuki, now tell me your filthy confession, monkey.”

“Deflecting much?”

She reaches out and shoves him in the chest, but he laughs loudly and doesn't budge. She opts to kick him in the shin, and he flinches, but he laughs it off anyway.

“I don't want to talk about her, you idiot!”

“Alright, alright!” Uzu shouts. He puts his hands up defensively and flinches when Ryuko jerks her leg back again. She doesn't kick him, not this time. “Okay, but listen to this, you know I'm straight, right?”

She quirks an eyebrow and stares him down as she takes another sip of her beer.

“I am!”

“Yea, okay, I believe you,” she replies, nonchalant and nonplussed by his defensiveness.

“Oh god, this is just going to go straight into your theory about me,” he says, placing his palm against his forehead. She snorts at the mention of the word straight but keeps her mouth shut. He leans forward and drops his voice to as much of a whisper as he can in a noisy bar. “I kinda like it in the butt.”

It takes a second, but Ryuko bursts out laughing, drawing stares from other patrons. Uzu glares at her with as much aggressiveness as he can muster given his drunken state. He chugs half of his can waiting for her to finish laughing. She wipes a tear from her eye before laughing again, stopping only to take a sip out of her own can.

“Oh man, Uzu, you know you’re my bro, but like,” she snorts, trying to find her words. “I knew it. You got the kind of butt that wants it.”

“What the fuck do you know about my butt?!”

“I know it probably looks good when I’m inside of it,” she laughs, slapping her knee. She stops suddenly, eyes wide, mouth splitting into a grin. “Holy shit.”

“You down or what?”

“Oh my god, are you serious?”

“You’re acting like I just gave you a winning lotto ticket.”

“Uzu, you basically did,” she says. Finishing up her can, she flags the barkeep down for a fifth round of beers and shots. “But like, just as bros.”

“No, I’m fucking asking you to fall in love with me,” he bites back, rolling his eyes. “Look, you’re a queer girl who likes doing interesting shit, and I’m a self-identified, straight man with like... a gay butthole. And we’re bros.”

“All bromo,” she mutters into her fresh can. She snorts to herself and contemplates the situation, but only briefly. After four shots of well’s whiskey, it’s hard to contemplate even her own name. “I have the damn thing and she never lets me wear it.”

“Which is a perfect opportunity to practice your technique and help a brother out,” he says, opening his arms as if metaphorically handing her the idea. She crinkles her nose.

“I don’t think I’d help my brother out in this way,” she snorts. “I dunno.”

“I mean, no pressure, Matoi,” he says. He shifts in his seat and scratches at the back of his neck, suddenly self conscious. “I get that, uh, this was kind of weird.”

She laughs again and claps him on the back.

“Oh man, never figured you to get bashful about the butt stuff,” she says. “Aight, let’s do it. You know how I feel about butt stuff. All butt stuff. Everyone’s butt stuff. I’ve always wanted to peg a guy.”

He takes up the two shot glasses waiting to be downed and hands one to her. Lifting his glass in the air for a toast he bellows, “To butt stuff!” before taking the shot like a champ. They both slam their glasses on the counter and laugh, drunkenly high-fiving one another before throwing a generous amount of money on the bar top and waving their farewells to their barkeep who just throws them a hearty grin back.

“We should just do it tonight, like, otherwise I’d think about it too much,” she tells him, once they’re in the open air. She fumbles with her jacket pockets looking for a cigarette but her box is empty. She shrugs as she tosses it into a trashcan. “And besides, I’m on a break with Satsuki right now.”

He moves to wrap an arm around her, making a big sweeping gesture with this free hand.

“That she-devil! How dare she play with my friend’s emotions as such! Unless it was your fault, Matoi, then you’re just a dumbass,” he says. He gives her a noogie, which makes her push him off of her. “In which case, she should totally go for a guy like me. If she’s into that, like you are.”

“It wasn’t my fault! And she isn’t bi so will you shut up about it! Do you wanna get pegged or not?!”

She ribs him with her elbow and laughs when he stumbles into a lamppost. They continue down the street, shoving each other playfully but harder and harder into storefronts and trashcans, laughing the entire way. It’s not a long trek to Ryuko’s apartment from the bar, but it gives them enough time to settle down. At one point, Uzu had slung his arm back around Ryuko, and though she complained a little, she let him hang on her. She fumbles with her keys when they reach her building, trying to figure out which pocket she put the offending objects in by rattling her jacket.

“How’d you figure this out, anyway?” she asks him, as she finally finds her carabiner clip with her keys attached. She watches him shrug as she unlocks the building’s front door.

“Tried it out on myself,” he says. “I was curious, Matoi!”

“I have no words for you,” she mutters, on her way to the elevator.

“A thank you will suffice.”

She punches him in the arm and he feigns agony before the elevator lets them out at her floor.

“So are we really gonna do this?”

He shrugs. “Bro, I’m down for it. If you’re not, that’s cool, we can play Call of Duty and then I’ll pass out on your couch.”

“Ugh, but I’ve always wanted to peg a dude,” she whines, unlocking her apartment. “Alright, we’re doing this. As friends. No hetero, all bromo.”

“Smells like fucking tea leaves in here,” he says, stepping over the threshold and crinkling his nose. “How long have you guys been on a break for?”

She rolls her eyes as she tosses her keys on her counter. "Shut up, monkey."

"So how are we gonna do this? Want me to strip? Or like..." he trails off waiting for her cue. She runs a hand through her hair and shrugs off her jackets as she kicks off her shoes.

"I'm gonna turn some music on, and you, like, get in the zone or whatever," she tells him. She walks over to her stereo system and boots up her computer, tapping its keys as she tries to decide on a playlist. She hears him taking his belt off and just starts smirking to herself. Finally, she settles on a playlist she knows doesn't have any weird songs with surprisingly sappy lyrics.

"When's the last time you did it with a dude?" he shouts from her bathroom. She hears the water in her tub running. At least he has enough sense to clean his ass a little bit, first.

"Uh, before Satsuki. Like right before," she throws back at him. She hears him grunt loudly from the bathroom, an acknowledgement of hearing her answer. "Regular old straight sex though, not that it wasn't good."

She rifles through her drawer, finding her harness and throws a tube of lube back towards her bed. It's not like she's a dildo collector, but she has a few that meet the same goal in different ways. She opts for the one with the most mutual stimulation before shucking off her clothes. Setting up the harness, she squeezes a fair amount of lube onto one end of the dildo before she slips into it and gets the insert inside of her self. She jerks it off a few times trying to get used to the feeling and get herself into the mood. She's putting a condom on when Uzu walks in stark naked, drying himself off with her towel.

"Damn, I know I have a great body," he says, flexing after he throws the towel at a chair in the corner, "but you've got muscles on muscles. How the hell?"

"Do you even lift?" she asks, smirking at him, making sure the condom is on properly.

"I can bench you, Matoi."

"And I can bench you!"

He flops onto his back on the bed, his cock already hard.

"I like this mix," he says, grooving out while taking some of Ryuko's lube into his palm before playing with himself. She glances over at him, a skeptical expression on her face.

"Are we being too nonchalant about this?"

He snorts. "You want me to have gay panic while you're fucking me in the ass? I can cry afterwards, if that's what you want!"

She punches him in the arm.

"That's not funny, that's totally happened to people before," she growls.

“Alright! I’m sorry. Hurry up and take me,” he tells her before he gets up and gets on all fours, presenting his ass to her. She gives it a good smack and laughs when he yelps.

“Look at that bounce,” she chuckles, lubing up her fake cock. She takes the tube and squeezes it into him when he’s not paying attention. He yelps again before turning on her.

“Ryuko, what the fuck?! Do you know anything about foreplay? God, this is why that hot babe is ‘taking a break’ with you,” he cries.

“Uzu, I love you, and I’m here for this, but I’m not about to stick my fingers up your ass. Play with yourself, will you? And stop bringing her up!” she says, making a face. She gestures down to herself before adding, “Besides, I have to warm myself up, ya dig?”

It’s almost comical, the way he glares at her while inserting a finger inside of himself, slowly. He pumps his hand, still glaring before she turns away, a blush on her cheeks and a laugh caught in her throat. Standing away from him, she jerks the dildo against herself, rocking her hips. The music from her speakers helps drown out the obscene noises that are starting to fill the room--it’s not like she’s repulsed by the natural symphony of skin on skin, but if she thinks about it too much, her and Uzu going at, she’ll start laughing.

“Oh, double ended huh,” she hears him pant. She grunts in response, closing her eyes and biting her lip, really getting into it. She hears him moan behind her and knows he’s stuck another finger inside of himself. “Don’t get too into that, shit, Matoi. I’ve heard about your track record.”

“Shut the fuck up,” she grinds out, stilling her hand and rubbing her own thighs. “My track record for beating the pussy up?”

He lets out a long, low groan. “No, for coming way too fast. Two rounds of beers tomorrow afternoon says you come first.”

She stops and snaps her eyes open. The fact that she hesitates makes her hate herself a little bit because there is some truth in his words--she’s cocky but not an idiot. But she knows if she doesn’t take the bet, she’d be less privy to living it down than actually losing the bet. He’s got her in a checkmate. She grits her teeth and tells herself that she’s going to ruin his ass. She grunts her affirmation to accept his bet.

“Alright, I’m good,” he says. She turns toward him, back on all fours, and smirks. He looks back at her and waggles his eyebrows. “You’ve done this before right? Like, take it easy at first, man.”

“I’m Queen of Butt Stuff, Uzu,” she says, getting on her knees behind him and positioning the head of her cock against him. She rocks her hips forward slowly, sliding in little by little, hearing him suck in air. She stops halfway to let him get used to it and take a few breathes. When he nods she continues until she’s buried at the hilt. He groans loudly before grabbing one of her pillows and muffling himself.

Placing her hands against his back, she eases out of him almost all the way before slowly moving back in. The pace is ridiculously slow, and she’s itching to pound the lights out of

him, but she's no monster. They'll get there. She does this for a good few minutes, listening to his breaths as she rocks slowly into him, pausing once to add just a little bit more lube.

"You doin' okay there, buddy?" she asks. He sighs contentedly.

"Oh god, hell yea. Build up for me babe," he says, tilting his head to grin at her. She makes a face at him. "Not babe, whatever. It's a term of endearment."

"Swagever," she says before she smacks his ass again. "You have a nice full ass, Uzu. Kind of like Satsuki. But your thighs are different. I wanna bite hers, and yours I just want to see flex under me."

She rocks into him again, a little more force behind the edge of her thrust time. He hisses in pleasure.

"I thought you said you didn't want to talk about her," he says, gritting his teeth as she gets a steady, but still gentle rhythm going on. He starts to rock his hips against her, in time with her languid thrusts. She reaches out, to grab his hair and he arches his back as her thrusts get deeper.

"I don't," she growls, gripping his hair tighter. Uzu grunts under her, relishing in the sensations of having his hair pulled and his ass full.

"Yea, c'mon," he says, rocking back with more force. Ryuko takes the hint and thrusts her hips forward, her thighs flexing, her own pleasure building inside of her. She tries to think of super unsexy things when she remembers her bet. Granny panties. Pints with too much foam. Michael Cera. She smirks, and focuses on Michael Cera, before thrusting harder into Uzu and gripping at his hips, forcing him back in time with her. He moans loudly, almost embarrassingly so, and she tries not to laugh.

Soon they're at a hard and fast rhythm, Ryuko's thighs almost cramping. She forces his hips down, getting Uzu half onto his belly, his legs spread wide to accommodate her. Bracing her palms against his back and straightening her elbows, she gets a good angle down and into him. She grunts and curls her fingers against his flesh, the angle forcing the hilt of the dildo against her at just the right spot. She loses sight of Michael Cera and bites her bottom lip, breathing hard through her nose as her orgasm builds.

"Harder," he grunts. "Faster."

She hisses as she rolls her hips, the ribbed rubber of her strap on sliding against her clit. She lets out a noise, but clamps her mouth shut. It's no use--her track record precedes her. Her hips move more erratically, her thrusts becoming less focused. She can't help it. She comes, still rutting against Uzu despite losing her rhythm and pace, grunting out a curse.

"Did you just come? Did you just fucking come?!" he yells. Though she stilled for a just a second, she continues to literally plow on through the sensitivity between her legs. She takes one hand and then another off of his hips, bracing herself against her mattress, using the springs to bounce into him. He groans, and she smirks when he shuts up.

It doesn't take much longer after that. She flexes and rolls her hips hard and fast into him. He pants harder, lifts his hips just a little to get his hand in between himself and the mattress and grunts.

"I'm gonna--fuck. I'm gonna come. Holy shit," he breathes, before he jerks his hips forwards and comes into his hand. She jerks into him a few more times, slowly so that he can milk himself dry. Finally, she rolls off of him, still panting.

"I can't believe I came," she says, trying to catch her breath. "Before you."

He gets up on wobbly legs and goes to the bathroom, chuckling to himself the entire time he washes his hands.

"I can," he calls out.

"Thanks for not coming on my sheets, idiot," she says as she removes the condom and throws it in the trash beside her bed. She undoes the harness and removes the dildo, bending her knees and stretching. He comes out of the bathroom as she goes in to wash off her toy. When she comes back, he's sitting against her bed, his underwear back on.

"Welp," he says, slapping his thighs and grinning. "I really enjoyed that."

She rolls her eyes but grins just the same. "Don't get used to it. Though, not gonna lie, I had fun."

She responds in kind when he raises her hand to her. They high five and fist pump.

"Alright, get out of my fucking bed, go sleep on the couch. You know where the linens are--tuck yourself in," she says, shoving him off of her mattress and plopping face down on the pillow he didn't drool into. He laughs. "Catch you on the flipside."

"Stone cold, Ryuko. Stone cold."

But he isn't too spurned. His ass is sore in a good way and it isn't like her couch is the worst couch to fall asleep on. Plus, he is looking forward to the two beers she owes him when they finally make it out of her apartment tomorrow.

End Notes

Queering straight sex was so much fun.

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